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POEMS OF INSPIRATION



COPELAND



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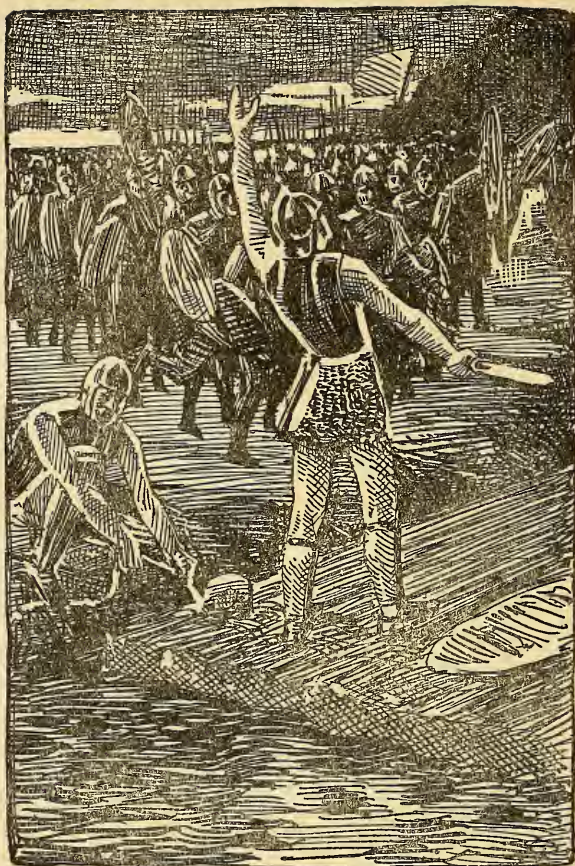
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Poems of Inspiration

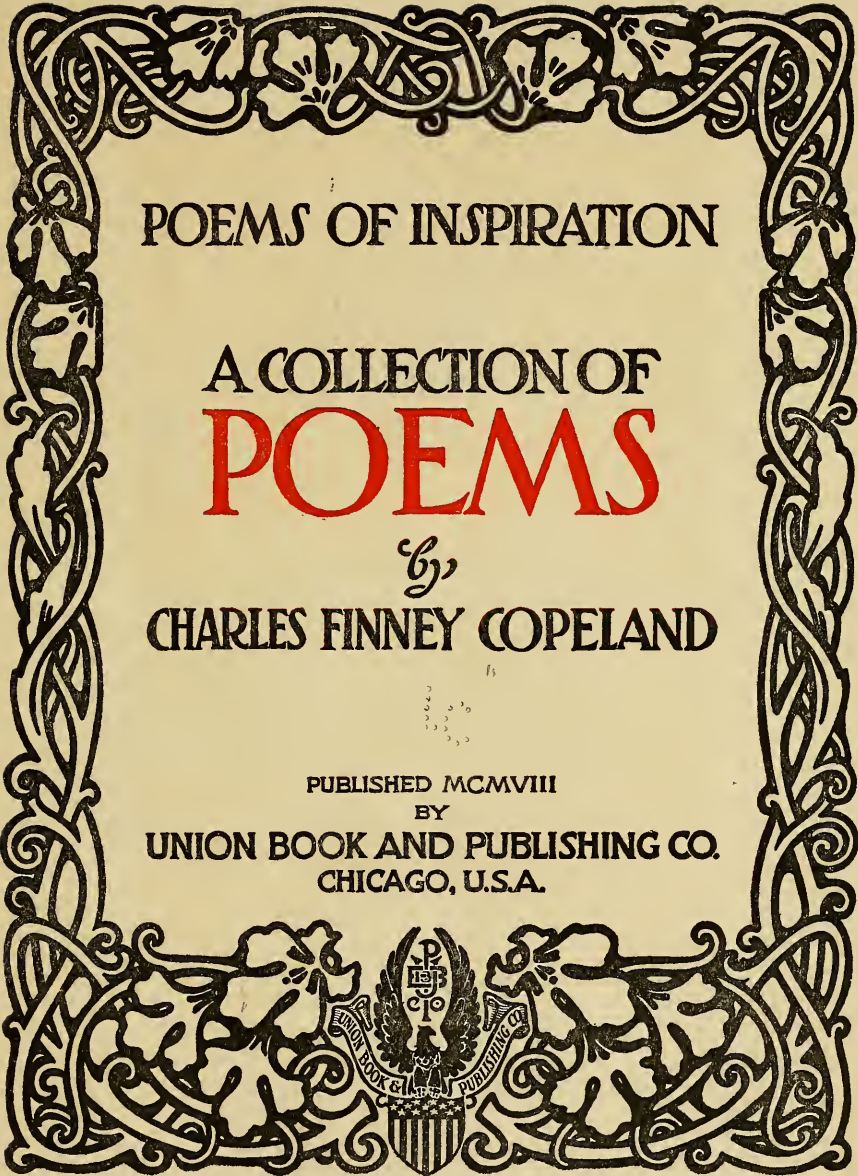
By
Charles Finney Copeland



So, shouting loud "The die is cast,"
Struck out across the river.

THE RUBICON

Page 17



POEMS OF INSPIRATION

A COLLECTION OF
POEMS

by
CHARLES FINNEY COPELAND

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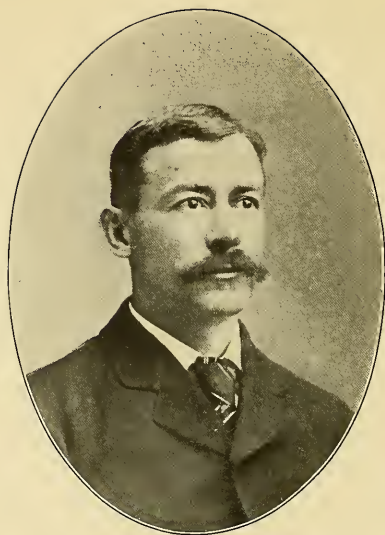


DE LUXE EDITION _____

DEDICATED

TO those of the young and rising generation who are struggling for success; to all who are interested in their own temporal and eternal welfare; to those who feel themselves bound down by cruel chains of circumstance and shut in by walls of adversity; to those who aspire to lay hold of some of life's prizes, protected as they are, from the idle and trifling throng, by difficulties, these lines are humbly and respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR



*Yours sincerely,
Charles Finney Copeland*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Most of the poems in this little volume are addressed to the rising young man.

In our eagerness to find doors of opportunity and avenues of success we naturally wish for all sorts of advantages, such as wealth, education, wit, beauty, affability, prepossessing manners, etc., all of which ought to be factors of success if used—if *used*, if USED aright. But how often we find such endowments are only so many gratifications of laziness, or breed that spirit of pride which “goeth before destruction.” In such a case, each one is an absolute curse and a lack of any of these is a blessing, when it shows us that our only dependence is upon our own exertion.

Thomas A. Edison paraphrases the remark that “All good comes to him who waits,” by saying “All good comes to him who hustles while he waits.” Being asked if Genius is not a sort of natural inspiration, he replied “No, *Sir!!!* Genius is PERSpiration.”

Out of tens of thousands of experiments, mishaps and failures he has drawn a few wonderful inventions, and people call him a great success.

Isaac Newton solved a problem after he had studied upon it for nineteen years, and people called him a wonder.

Stanley dug his way through Africa when, for months at a time he could go less than a quarter of a mile a week, and people called him great.

No man is a success on account of nor in proportion to the advantages that fall to his lot, but in the proportion that he uses those advantages to make some part of this world a lighter and brighter and better place because he is here. It is the use and not the possession that counts. The miser dies of privation and starvation over his possessions because he will not use them, and the man who was born as a great prince and amounts to only a little king, is feeding a starving soul upon the

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

husks of creation and will be known, as long as he is known at all, as one of the most monumental fizzles of all history, though he may have lived in luxury during a long life.

The author has an intense desire to be a factor in proving to the young man of moderate ability and few advantages—the one who knows how to make blunders and learn by them, how to fail and not give up, how to travel a quarter of a mile a week and stick to it, how to use his brain for at least nineteen seconds—proving to such a one that he can amount to something; he can lead a useful life; he can overcome obstacles; he can accomplish results; *he can do things; he can, HE CAN.* And if any obstacle arises in his upward and onward path, the writer hopes that something herein may implant or strengthen a determination to kick it out of his way; or cut his way through it; or climb over it; or crawl under it; or go around it; or do any honorable thing except to subside and stop.

The following poems are not presented with any claim to perfection. Perhaps none are beyond criticism. They have been prepared in the hope that they may be a help and encouragement to noble living; a factor in proving the sure triumph of the right and the sure smash and wreck of the wrong, and an elevating influence to young readers.

CHARLES FINNEY COPELAND.

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THE RUBICON

WHEN Cæsar turned his footsteps
home
From far and hostile regions,
Where he had borne the arms of Rome
And led victorious legions,
The Roman Senators had tried
His glories to diminish,
They'd called him back, but he replied
By fighting to a finish.

He knew they did not comprehend
At all, the situation,
He sought to win, and then extend
A later explanation.
And so he came while victory
Was perching on his banners,
Amid the pomp of heraldry
And veterans' hozannas.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

But jealous senators inflamed
Had made a declaration
That Julius Cæsar be proclaimed
A foe of all the nation.
And when he reached the Rubicon,
He learned their detestation,
And how their hearts were set upon
His death and degradation.

Now should he be a vagabond,
With exiled traitors hiding?
Or fight, and let his braves respond,
While in his cause confiding?
Before, success or else defeat
Would greet decided action,
Behind was cowardly retreat
And naught of satisfaction.

At every turn, some friend would state
Exactly what was needed,
“Advance,” “Retreat,” “Make haste,”
or “Wait,”
Vehemently they pleaded.
But since advice would make his acts
A mass of contradiction,
He vowed to guide them by the facts,
Through praise or malediction.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

His force was light, compared with those
Who held the reins of power,
Defeat and Death, like spectres rose,
The hero soul to cower.
But he had scorned, through all the past,
In cowardice to quiver,
So, shouting loud, "The die is cast,"
Struck out across the river.

His courage proved him born to rule,
And live with bards and sages,
And now his works we read in school
Adorn historic pages.
And so when you would enter on
Some field of high endeavor,
That seems to cross a "Rubicon,"
To toil or strife forever,

Your many friends will all advise
Of your mistaken calling,
And hope some mighty man will 'rise
For such a task, appalling;
Your lack of talent, lack of means,
Your lack of education,
Each obstacle that intervenes,
They say is full negation.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Your enemies will hoot and sneer
In merciless derision,
And all will tell how much they fear
The worth of your decision.
For countless men, the poet sings,
Are like "Dumb-driven cattle,"
And slow to turn from grov'ling things,
When Truth and Error battle.

What seems to you a "burning bush,"
Intense, with call emphatic,
May let your friend of equal push,
Appear the while phlegmatic.
But, vow you'll strike the iron, hot,
Yea, make it hot by striking,
And sound your message, be it not
To other peoples' liking.

You'll never any prestige earn,
Without the advertising
That comes from opposition stern
Intent on your capsizing.
As values rise, when grain is ground
And threshed from straw and stubble,
So all our finer traits are found
In mills of seeming trouble.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

They're not the cruel hands of Chance,
But of a kind Creator,
Who uses them for our advance,
To make us good or greater.
Your foes may think they're stumbling-
blocks,
Invented by their ire,
But you can turn impeding rocks,
To steps for climbing higher.

So all is best,—let's heed the thought,
That Justice can't forget us,
Let's think of duty as we ought,
Without RESULTS to fret us.
Our duty is to BEAR much fruit,
Instead of comprehend it,
Nor can delays its worth dispute,
Nor seeming failures end it.

And though rewards appear delayed
Beyond your mortal vision,
The noble efforts you have made
Will shine on fields, Elysian;
And if you've done your level best,
Each call of duty heeded,
Some future day will well attest
That grandly you succeeded.

THE BEE AND THE BUZZARD

The last two lines are copied by permission from
Baldwin's First Reader.

A BEE and a buzzard were flying one
day,
Where roses did bloom, and some carrion
lay;
The bee never noticed the filth of the
place
Nor thousands of briers and thorns, in
her face,
But gathered the honey from blossoms
around,
And left them in beauty, as when they
were found.

Though many the causes of trouble and
grief,
She gathered but sweetness from petal
and leaf,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



“ But gathered the honey from blossoms around.
And left them in beauty as when they were found.”

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Then sped on her journey while humming a tune,
Rejoicing in wealth for next winter, a boon,
And leaving the buzzard, nine points in the law,
On filth and corruption to fill up his craw.

Each one is a likeness of some of mankind;
The buzzards depraved, to all beauty are blind;
They're out of a job; they're bereft of all joy,
Until they're permitted, in spite, to deploy
On some faulty neighbor who's fallen from grace,
Mistaken his calling, or lags in the race.

And then they announce to a multitude vast.
Of how there awaits a delicious repast,
A feast of fault-finding,—a banquet of blab,
Rehash of all tattle and gossip and gab;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And garbage, that all should consign unto
death,
Is peddled about on pestiferous breath.

Surrounded by beauty and sweetness
enough
To make life a joy, they are sullen or
gruff;
On graces of others, by shutting their
eyes;
By seeking for something they might
criticise;
By boasting plain speech and a lack of
deceit,
Make everyone flinch, but no foemen
retreat.

Oh! buzzards and vultures, just learn of
the bee,
And gather life's honey so plenty and free;
There's honey in thistles; there's good in
each one,
Though often mistaken and sadly un-
done;
Aware of each weakness like thorns in
the flesh,
Sarcasm and ridicule wound them afresh;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And awkwardness grows 'neath the finger
 of Scorn,
And friendship is banished, and enmity,
 born;
But Earth is a Garden of Eden, the while,
When love and affection and charity
 smile;
Kind hearts are like gardens; kind tho'ts
 are the roots;
Kind smiles are the blossoms; kind deeds
 are the fruits.

ROOSEVELT

I LOVE the man of mettle,
With vertebra his own,
Who dares to stand for justice
As if unflinching stone;
Who knows a crooked pillar
Can hold but little weight,
And who is bold and fearless,
And strong for being straight.

Whose hands have not been hampered
Nor bound by handicaps,
Like those whose machinations
Have always been their traps.
Who will not be a cipher
When Right and Wrong combat,
But shows opposing forces
EXACTLY where he's "at."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

One who can chase a thousand—
Ten-thousand put to flight,
Reliant in the honor
That clothes a man with might.
Who dares to turn to duty
A face of adamant,
Yet dares to own an error
And readily recant.

The man who dares to blunder,
And dares to make it right,
Then dares to face his critics,
And dares "turn on the light."
Who dares to bring the grafter
To justice and to grief;
The influential robber
As any other thief.

Who fears reverse or panic
With less of dread and awe,
Than proof that big transgressors
Are greater than the law;
Who knows this ancient pathos
About the public weal
Comes less from toiling masses
Than guilty ones who steal.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And that these evil-doers—
This panic-stricken drove—
Behold the scales of Justice
As thunderbolts of Jove.
Whose thought is put in action
With snobbery defied,
That fain would keep him quiet
To call him dignified.

Who shocks the politician,
Shut up in party wall,
And shows himself a statesman
As broad as one and all.
Who never could be guided
As all the weaklings would
By popular opinion
Instead of public good.

Who scorns the fickle changes
That mark the passing day,
And through them reads the verdict
That stands, and stands for aye;
The man who will not fiddle
For temporary cheers,
But covets those resounding
Through long, eternal years.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

When selfish plans have perished,
And Prejudice has died,
And Right and Truth have triumphed,
And Time has testified;
You know the man's initials,
And how his name is spelt;
He needs no introduction,
His name is ROOSEVELT.

THE LESSON FROM A BATTLE

THEY say that in a battle
It takes a ton of lead
To do the work of carnage
That lays each hero dead;
As millions of the bullets
Seem void of all effect,
So thousands of our efforts
Will seem, we may expect.

The ones who aim at nothing
So seldom miss the mark,
They seem the most successful
And happy as the lark;
The man without a purpose
Is much more free from care,
Than one who struggles upward
With zeal to do and dare.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

We live in disappointment
While striving to achieve,
Fall short of our ambition
And often sadly grieve;
We fail of that perfection
We struggle to possess,
Nor see our partial failure,
Perhaps is grand success.

That no one is defeated
While battling for the right,
Defeat is not in failure,
But, giving up the fight;
Success is not in scaling
Yon pinnacle of fame,
But doing needful duty
Regardless of acclaim.

The man of weak endeavor
In fear that he may fail,
Will never win the laurels
Of worthies who prevail;
And they who sing of valor,
In onslaught or defense,
Have never found their heroes
Astride of any fence.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Then, who would aim at nothing,
Or drift along the tide,
On lines of least resistance,
Where lazy laggards ride?
Let's heed the Latin proverb,
"Ad astra" to the stars,
"Per aspera" through thousands
Of Difficulty's bars.

And let's be up and doing,
Let's battle with our might;
Though Justice, ever tardy,
In time doth weigh aright;
And then the final triumph
Will hide our past mistakes,
And spread a balm of healing
Upon the heart that aches.

THAT STAR FOR YOUR CROWN

WHEN you plant that star of glory
In your everlasting crown,
That will shine thro' endless ages,
Or, for time, with fair renown,
Have you thought of its appearance,
When you take it as your choice?
Will it be a thing of beauty,
And your heart, at once, rejoice?

Will it be a brilliant jewel?
Will it be a broad estate?
Will it be a lordly title,
Or an office, grand and great?
Oh! I see a hand extended,
From the battlements above,
That is filled with wealth and honor,
And with everything we love.

They are ours for the choosing;
But!!! they're diamonds in the rough,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



"Will it be a brilliant jewel,
Will it be a broad estate."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Seeming hard to grind and polish,
And with signs of grief enough.
There is pinching, hard privation,
With no recompense *in sight*,
There is aid to give the needy
All unable to requite.

There's the task of doing battle,
For what seems a hopeless cause;
There's the loss of that election,
And of popular applause;
There's the burning fiery furnace,
And the frightful lion's den;
There's reproach of haughty monarchs,
And contempt of humbler men.

But they're opportune occasions,
For the true and faithful soul;
These are stepping-stones of duty,
Leading toward the grandest goal;
To the hero, they are blessings,
Yea, they're blessings in disguise,
For they advertise his mettle,
Test his calibre and size.

Could you hope to be a hero,
Widely known and long renowned;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

If your sternest field of battle
Were a park or picnic ground?
Could you hope by selfish hoarding,
Of your wealth beyond your needs,
You could make such filthy lucre,
Shine as self-denying deeds?

Could Omnipotence Almighty,
Make a coward's record shine?
Make a star of brightest lustre,
Out of greed or ease supine?
Would you change these proffered blessings
Into scars, like brands of Cain,
That proclaim your faithless weakness
And your truancy so plain?

Can't you see a loving Father
Useth these to test the just
And is holding boundless treasure
For the stewards He can trust?
Oh! my friend, tho' all around you
Scenes annoy and sounds discord,
Do not shun the path of duty,
'Tis the road to thy reward.

TAKE IT FOR WHAT
IT IS WORTH

'TWILL help you in many a way, boys,
In business, or mere social mirth,
To take everything at its worth, boys,
So take it for what it is worth.
A molehill's a mountain to none, boys,
But creeping things, low on the earth,
Don't sink to their level yourselves, boys,
But pass them for what they are worth.

Does some proud associate slight, boys?
Are any around you unkind?
Two wrongs never equalled a right, boys,
Be manly and say "never mind."
You'd show, to "get even" with them,
boys,
A soul, microscopic in girth,
Take slights for just what they are worth,
boys,
Yes, take them for what they are worth.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Are rowdy companions about, boys?
Who shoot off orations of slang,
And say you are poky or dull, boys,
And make you feel many a pang?
March on, with a calm, steady tread,
boys,
"The meek shall inherit the earth;"
Take jeers for just what they are worth,
boys,
Yes, take them for what they are worth.

"Ex nihilo nihil fit," boys,
"Sure nothing, from nothing can come,"
Just think, "Mighty cheap is the sneer,"
boys,
"That comes from the rowdy or bum."
Your merit will find its reward, boys,
Whatever your station or birth,
Take sneers for just what they are worth,
boys,
Yes, take them for what they are
worth.

You'll meet with the fop and the dude,
boys,
In style at his father's expense,
Disdaining as "pikers and plugs," boys,
Each one with a spoonful of sense;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Compare his opinion with theirs, boys,
Who've climbed to some good business
berth,
And take it for what it is worth, boys,
Yes, take it for what it is worth.

Your mother oft gave you advice, boys,
Be honest, and upright and true,
And do unto friend or to foe, boys,
As you would have done unto you.
Don't barter her golden advice, boys,
For foppery boding a dearth,
But take it for what it is worth, boys,
Yes, take it for what it is worth.

Oh, yes, it is priceless as pearls, boys,
It sprung from a heart, ever true,
"The way of transgressors is hard," boys,
And short their prosperity, too.
'Twill help you in thousands of ways,
boys,
So heed it in business or mirth,
And take it for ALL it is worth, boys,
Yes, take it for all it is worth.

ENCOURAGEMENT

IF we can never rise as high
Nor be as great as some,
Success is better measured by
The obstacles o'ercome.

We think of some as great and grand
And masters of their race,
Whom Fate had destined to command
And hold exalted place.

But then,
“Once they were wanderers here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They struggled hard as we do now,
With cares and doubts and fears.”

THE BOY WHO IS GOOD TO HIS MOTHER

LET others discuss my religion,
Or sanctification or creeds;—
Prospective reward is a motive,
Quite good for all manner of deeds;
I'll herald no loftier gospel
Thus blazing a guide-post of life,
"THE BOY WHO IS GOOD TO HIS MOTHER,
WILL ALSO BE GOOD TO HIS WIFE."

Whatever of hardship or burden,
We ought to, with joy, welcome them;
They're gems in the rough, we may polish
To brighten our own diadem.
They're sure to adorn or to blemish
The glory of temporal strife,
And records of meanness to mother,
Would blast those of goodness to wife.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



"And nature gives more than we sow."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

But harvests are like what was planted,
And Nature gives more than we sow;
As actions, for seed will yield habits,
So habits, to character grow;
And impudence, shown to a mother,
Is sure to produce its own fruit,
And after the honeymoon's over,
The wife will discover a brute.

The record of daily behavior,
Will hinder or help in the race
To capture the heart of a fair one,
To cheer up a home by her grace;
But girls should make good observation,
By scanning their every-day life,
For the boy who was mean to his mother,
Makes sorrow enough for a wife.

HUSTLE WHILE YOU WAIT

“ALL good doth come to them,” ’tis
said,
“Who wait and murmur not.”
But energy, in them is dead,
Contented with their lot.
’Tis usefulness, much more you need
Than gold or real estate,
For these will come, if this you heed,
And, Hustle While You Wait.

Instead of stopping to complain
About the greater share
Of fame and fortune others gain,
Who can’t with you compare;—
If recognition is the prize
You seek for talents, great,
Develop some to recognize,
And, Hustle While You Wait.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

If you would hope Success to hail,
Or wear the victor's wreath,
Or peaks of difficulty scale
With clouds of care beneath,
Then you should strike the idler dumb
In early hours and late,
For good to only them will come
Who Hustle While They Wait.

The obstacles of life that mock
Are only stepping-stones
O'er which the energetic walk
To broader fields and zones;
Each mounts, majestic, o'er reverse,
As if a potentate
O'er forces of the universe,
Who Hustle While They Wait.

For Genius is no native gift
Of Inspiration grand,
On which the idle ones may drift
To reach the promised land;
'Tis elbow grease; 'tis mental toil;
'Tis perspiration, great;
'Tis naught but perseverance oil
And HUSTLE — while y' wait.

MY MOTHER'S LAP

WHEN I'm tired, worn and weary,
When I'm weighted down with
care,
Feeling that I need assistance
With the load I have to bear,
Then my mind reverts to childhood
When I took my wonted nap,
Or when seeking consolation
Always found in Mother's lap.

There was rest for every muscle,
Solace when my mates would tease;
Comfort in my childhood troubles,
And a cure for each disease.
There she brought some healing lotion
When my hands would chafe and chap,
And my wounded toes and fingers
Soon were well in Mother's lap.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

I confided every venture
Of my feeble efforts made,
Though I dared to show no other
Being timid and afraid;
Each achievement, every blunder,
Making kite or drawing map,
Gave me hope and inspiration
When enshrined in Mother's lap.

There was counsel and instruction,
Moral truth and common sense,
I was taught that not a single
Evil deed could pay expense.
And her proof was quite a blessing
Though expounded with a strap,
Making vivid the impressions
I received in Mother's lap.

And, the urchin in the alleys
Who in maudlin accent sings
That he's never tied nor tethered
To his mother's apron strings,
He will find in store before him
Many a hard and cruel rap
That he might have well avoided
If he'd learned in Mother's lap.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And I've got a faith that's mighty—
 'Tis a confidence complete—
That Success will crown the efforts
 And to honor guide the feet
Of the youth who never lingers
 Where the tempter would entrap,
But who heeds the lessons taught him
 In a noble mother's lap.

THE PATH TO GREATNESS

I'VE wished I had the riches,
In stocks or bonds or gold,
Like John D. Rockefeller's,
Or Croesus' wealth of old;
I'd like the wealth of beauty,
Divine in form and face,
Like that blessed Diana,
The goddess of the chase.

I'd like to sing like Gabriel,
I'd like to preach like Paul,
I'd like to have great kingdoms
Submissive to my call;
For we should be as great men
As God of us would make,
We ought to fill a station
As high as we can take.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Is there some path to greatness;
Some way to sure success,
That I might handle planets
As paltry men of chess?
Ah! He who solved the problem
To whom archangels fall,
The greatest in His kingdom
Is servant of them all.

'Tis but by humble service
We rise to high estate;
'Tis but the meek and lowly
Alone who can be great;
With pride, doth go destruction,
With haughtiness, a fall,
But greatest of all great ones,
IS SERVANT OF THEM ALL.

THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

WE hear of the spur of the moment,
Of deeds that are noble and grand,
Of heroes who match an occasion,
Applauded on every hand;
And then of the spur of the moment,
When apathy needs an excuse,
We're told that with no preparation
Their efforts had been of no use.

I'm boasting no spur of the moment
That gave me a popular name,
I've doubtless missed hundreds of chances
To cover me over with fame;
But then on the spur of the moment
We do as we well might expect,
For actions on spurs of the moment
Are simply from cause to effect.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Just think that the man is a genius
Who barterers all honor for pelf,
Is blind to the future and neighbors
And sees but the present and self;
Just go with the herd that is brutish,
Just go with the back-biting throng,
Who always paint all men as spotted,
Interpreting motives all wrong;

Just deem it's the mark of a hero
To shoot off a piece of your mind,
Regardless of any discretion
And scornful of Charity's kind;
Just think of revenge when in trouble,
Believe by a magical trick,
It's good as a cure or preventive,
If plastered on plenty and thick;

Just muse that on certain occasions
It's valor to stab and to shoot,
Ignore the man, mental and moral,
And cultivate only the brute;
Just lose the respect of your neighbors,
Of self, of your kindred and kith,
Just think of this life as ignoble,
And that one hereafter, a myth;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Just trample the rights of another
And vow you will ruin or rule,
You'll prove on some spur of the moment
The silliest kind of a fool.
You'll speak and say little or nothing
Of what you had really meant,
You'll act on the spur of the moment,
And have all your life to repent.

But take the advice of the proverb,
To go with the wise and be wise;
Disdain any fraud or deception
For Time will strip off the disguise,
Just think of the value of honor
And how it will come to your aid,
A currency, better than riches
To bank on in commerce and trade.

Just vow you will build upon merit,
A name of unlimited worth;
And carefully lay the foundation
Way down in the depths of the earth;
Remember, the higher your structure,
The more it's to shine in the light,
The more you must delve for the bedrock
And patiently toil out of sight.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And when, by long effort you've builded
A name that is better than gold,
Think you, that some spur of the moment
Will find yourself easily sold?
Your record's a shield from the tempter
And those who lead others astray,
You'll value right highly your honor
Nor barter nor give it away.

You'll find on the spur of the moment
You've courage to do and to dare,
You've mental and moral equipment
Like guns that are loaded for bear.
Your purpose, your habits, are cables
To hold to the course that is true,
And hope and achievement and others
Will lead you triumphantly through.

THERE'S MARKET ENOUGH
FOR THE BEST

SUPPLY and Demand, in the temples
Of commerce are making their quest;
Refusing the poor and the common,
But bidding well up for the best;
In factory, farm, field and foundry,
They're seeking and free to invest;
For product of garden or dairy,
THERE'S MARKET ENOUGH FOR THE
BEST.

There's room at the top for the skillful
On whom everyone can rely,
There's honor and place for the spirit
That's born with a zeal from on high;
DEMAND is in quest of the noble,
With worthiest purpose possessed;
For diligent ones of all ages,
There's market enough for the best.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



“For product of garden or dairy,
There’s market enough for the best.”

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

The fop, with saloon education,
The gamblers, hoboes and hoodoos;
The hoodlums, with slang conversation,
Refined as Apaches and Sioux;
The lazy, dishonest and shiftless,
With naught of ambition or zest,
While these are a drug on the market,
THERE'S MARKET ENOUGH FOR THE
BEST.

TELL THE TRUTH

I'D sing of Grover Cleveland,
Who won a brilliant score,
(Although against my ballot,)
In Eighteen eighty four;
'Twas after the conventions,
A week or two had gone,
The issues had been stated
And party lines were drawn.

They'd raked the fields of gossip,
And with the old and new
Was one, a horrid story,
And worst of all 'twas true.
The daily press portrayed him
For honors all unfit,
As black as if bedraggled
In yon infernal pit.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

An author, who was writing
The common campaign book,
Perused the newsy papers
And wore a worried look;
He sat in sober silence
While sped the hours away,
Then telegraphed his chieftain,
To ask what he might say.

Three notes in bold staccato,
Unterrified and strong,
Flashed back across the wires,
The title of my song.
As food, by starving mortals,
Is rolled on tongue and tooth,
His friends rehearsed the mandate
That bade them "Tell the Truth."

'Twas sent throughout the nation,
'Twas published far and wide,
'Twas sounded here and yonder
And turned the battle's tide.
The Democratic circles
Exploded with applause,
While foes in dumb amazement
Stood by with gaping jaws.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

They thought they knew the tactics
Of politicians' games,
They thought he'd make excuses
And take to calling names;
They'd hear some great orations
Of blackguard epithets,
He'd talk of suits for libel
And make blood-curdling threats.

He'd rant and rave and bluster,
To prove whom he might scare,
They waited for the circus
To see him paw the air.
But when he made no effort
To paint the others black,
Nor boasted any virtues
Of which he had a lack;

And when his tongue he bridled,
Though pictured all uncouth,
Admitting his transgression,
And dared them "Tell The Truth,"
Their gibes were worse than worthless,
Their powder turned to punk,
Their shot and shell were bubbles
Their cannon, worthless junk;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Against that bolt of thunder,
 Their weapons were but straws,
Their forts were towers of vapor,
 Their battlements were gauze.
It crashed through all defenses,
 It routed horse and foot,
That in confusing panic
 So suddenly were put.

And so my lad, remember,
 To build an honored name,
You'll need foundation other
 Than some one else's shame.
You'll fight a losing battle
 Whenever YOU have erred,
To tell how THEY have blundered,
 Or sinned in deed or word.

But you can take position
 Five hundred times as strong
As anyone who tattles
 About your doing wrong.
You needn't preach a sermon,
 Nor make an hour's prayer,
You needn't use ten thousand
 Gas-metersful of air;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

But when you say you're sorry,
And try to make amends,
You've captured their munitions,
And there the battle ends.
Content yourself with knowing
That they who guy and gawk,
Monopolize the trouble
With their boomerang of talk.

Though each of all your rivals
Might shout to split a lung,
Keep cool and hold your temper,
Do right and hold your tongue,
For every word you utter
In gravity or mirth,
Will surely be discounted
Exactly at its worth.

No haughty boast should publish
The weakness of your plight;
But trust with full composure
The omnipotence of Right.
And in this mighty fortress,
Beside their flimsy booth,
Just "bide a wee" in patience
And dare them "Tell The Truth."

WHO WANTS A SHARE?

SOLICITING subscriptions
Of specified amounts,
To pay some church expenses
And settle up accounts,
I asked a worthy member
To help a good affair,
Who said without a question,
“Well, I’ll subscribe a share.”

And with response so willing,
A thought to me occurred,
A theme for meditation
With each inspiring word;
All shares of sin and folly
Yield dividends of pain,
And there’s no share of duty
Without a share of gain.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



"Soliciting subscriptions of specified amounts,
To pay some church expenses."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

So Moses' share of hardship,
For which he left a crown,
Concealed a share of glory,
And shares of blest renown;
And Daniel's share of honor
Had been for other men,
If he had quailed at sharing
The frightful lions' den.

Oh! that great share of duty
That seems to weight you down,
Is God's great share of jewels,
Intended for your crown.
Ah! friend, your share of burden,
Your share of sacrifice,
Will bless your share of heaven,
Your share of Paradise.

THE HANDLE AND THE BLADE

AH! well I remember some lessons of
wisdom

My father and mother impressed on
my mind,
Among the old adages, proverbs and
sayings

The wisdom of this, I right often can
find:
In handling all tools that have any sharp
edges,

A knife or a razor, a scythe or a spade,
Or axes, or hatchets, or chisels, or wedges,

“TAKE HOLD OF THE HANDLE, INSTEAD
OF THE BLADE.”

And think, when you’re dealing with
rough human nature,

There’s good in the worst, and there’s
bad in the best.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Don't think your own style is the only
correct one,
Nor look for perfection in all of the
rest.
There's much human nature around and
about us
With angular points and sharp edges
arrayed,
But in them you'll find some redeeming
attraction,
"Take hold of the handle instead of
the blade."

You've people about you with all sorts
of failings
Unless much more lucky than most
that I know,
Don't waste precious time in backbitings
and wailings
And publish your folly and ignorance
so.
You strain at a gnat and then swallow
a camel
In gossip of neighbors, their faults to
parade,
For great among faults, is the fault of
fault-finding,
"Take hold of the handle instead of
the blade."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

We've neighbors in plenty with manner-
less children,

Dogs, cats, pigs and chickens—a bother-
some train,

But how could we better our present con-
dition

By adding their hatred, contempt and
disdain?

And since we can't have everything to
our fancy,

And we, among others, some errors
have made,

Let's note what is pleasant, ignoring the
balance,

"Take hold of the handle instead of
the blade."

Some people would bluster at you in their
fury

And make of great use The Imperative
Mode,

You'd seem, should you only pursue right
and reason,

A cowardly underling, ruled by their
goad.

Yet why should such actions disturb our
composure?

They've sorrows enough with the foes
they have made,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Why should our ill temper sink us to
their level?

Fly off of the handle—a dangerous
blade.

But some, having intellects, six-for-a-
nickel,

Are constantly tramping on neighbor-
hood corns.

When plucking a rosebud of ravishing
beauty,

They seem to see nothing except ugly
thorns.

If trouble you're seeking in patches and
acres,

You surely can find it and not be
delayed;

Don't mind your own business, but faults
of your neighbors,

Grab loose of the handle, and hold of
the blade.

And yet, Holy Writ teaches this beyond
doubting,

That I am a keeper of brothers around,
And brotherly kindness can point out
their errors,

In words clear and plain if by charity
bound,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Appeal to their manhood, their honor
and reason;

Let love and respect every sentence
pervade,

Nine times out of ten they will make
strong endeavor

To hide in the handle, the edge of the
blade.

THE SLOUCHY POSTMASTER

(NOTE—The author is a Railway Postal Clerk.)

HOW dear to my heart is that worthy
official,
Who mixes the mail, as if mush, with
a stick;
If I were his mother, he'd need artificial
Half soles to his trousers, an inch or
two thick.

On getting his batch of "New York"
and "Durango,"
Then foreign mail, local mail, mixed
up with States,
You'd think I was dancing the Spanish
fandango
Or dodging about the first time upon
skates.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



"And speeding thro' space on the Burlington Flyer
To meet waiting trains at the end of the run."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

One day, as he listened to kindly sugges-
tions

To label the "local," I titled my tune
"Millennial Bliss," but don't ask any
questions,

It faded to this the next change of
the moon.

And speeding thro' space on The Bur-
lington flyer

To meet waiting trains at the end of
the run,

I'd blow him as high, or a little bit
higher,

Than Gilderoy's kite out o' sight in
the sun.

LOADED FOR BEAR

WE'RE stalking life's fen, field or
forest,

And searching for various game,

It may be for pleasure or profit;

Perhaps it is fortune or fame.

Despise not the small game about you,

Like squirrel or Belgian hare,

But mind! ~~NO~~ THERE IS BIGGER GAME

FOR YOU,

So always be loaded for BEAR.

Some hunt with the worst of equipment,

As ignorance, envy or hate;

Return from the chase, disappointed,

And grumble because of their fate.

REVENGE is a blunderbuss, bu'sted,

Beyond any means of repair,

And tho' it wrecks any behind it,

It's "powerful weak" for a bear.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Should man, made in God's mighty
image,

Thus dwindle to less than a mouse,
And try to "get even" with vermin
By sinking as low as a parasite?
Oh! tower above slight or insult,
Or barking, or bellow, or blare;
For Spite simply gives your opponent,
The gun you had loaded for bear.

With cartridge-belt full of politeness,
And shells, that are loaded with pluck;
With coat of respect, to which libel
Is simply like rain on a duck,
Go forth with the strong shield of honor,
Despise ammunition, unfair,
Load up with some noble ambition
And HUNT TILL YOU CAPTURE A BEAR.

SELECTION AND MORAL

AT 8:00 P.M. while Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
Both John and May in distant seats
Were far apart
like.....this.

At 9:00 P.M. when Pa withdrew,
And sought his room upstairs,
Those lovers found some photographs
And nearer brought their chairs.

At 10:00 o'clock Mamma decamped,
And then my sakes! what bliss!
Those lovers sat till after one,
About as close as this.

And I would draw this lesson from
The suit that John did press,
About the kind of youth who wins
The damsel called Success.

Devotion to allotted work
Will drive all else away,
'Twill bring him early, keep him late
And close, as John to May.

THE PRESCRIPTION

A YOUNG and most worthy physician,
Whose name was McDonald Sinclair,
Had numbered as one of his patients,
Miss Josephine Isabel Ware.
Her form was like that of Diana,
The Goddess who rules o'er the chase,
And lilies and roses were blended
On features of magical grace.

He asked of her health and her ailments,
One evening, when out at a ball;
She said that another prescription,
No doubt, it would cure one and all.
He thought he would change the prescription,
And said as he pencilled with care,
"Now this is just what you must take,
ma'am,"
'Twas "Doctor McDonald Sinclair."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

She gasped, as she opened the paper,
That it was a bad, bitter pill,
Yet blushes, through long, drooping
lashes,
Proclaimed to the Doctor "I will."
'Mid singing and music and laughter,
And ringing of summertime bells,
She chose that ideal prescription,
As this little melody tells.

WRECK OF THE FAST MAIL

SKETCH — The following poem clearly narrates the wreck at Danville, Va., September 23, 1903. It being a mail train, no passengers were aboard. Of the sixteen men on duty in various parts of the train, eleven lost their lives.

WE'LL boast of Grant at Shiloh,
And sing of Sherman's trail,
Yet vie with bards to honor
The Man of Railway Mail.
When trains are late,
A hell-bound gait
Bodes death on every rail,
I fear the fate
When trains are late
Of him who works the mail.

So nigh the steed of iron,
Fatalities prevail,
But he can't grasp the throttle
Nor scan the treach'rous rail;
His mind must bend
To mail we send,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

To time-cards, maps and schemes,
The thousand trains
That cross the plains,
Weave riddles, passing dreams.

And when his run is over,
Beside his humble fire,
His books must be corrected
From orders "by the quire;"
They come each week
In stacks and speak
To rack his aching brain,
To learn by heart,
In whole, in part,
New office, stage and train.

The greatest Kings of Commerce
Trust his unerring ken,
He brings to us the treasures
Of friendship, press and pen.
Delay might bring
The fatal sting,
The dread of one and all,
One careless toss
Turn gain to loss
On barter, great or small.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

A mail train—heavy freighted
While all, impatient wait,
Swept down from off a mountain,
One fatal hour late.
With mighty tread,
It onward sped,
Where curving trestles quake;
Then left its beat,
Two hundred feet,
'Mid rocks and cane and brake.

That crash 'woke sleeping echoes
On far-off mountain peaks,
Like peal on peal of thunder
When God's artil'ry speaks;
The creaking beam,
The hissing steam,
Made one great funeral wail,
But not a word,
Nor moan, was heard
From all who worked the mail.

At mutilated corpses,
All people stood aghast,
As arms and limbs asunder
Were from the wreckage passed.
'Mid burning sacks
And iron racks,

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



“Swept down from off a mountain.”

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Those mangled bodies lay,
And flesh and blood
With mire and mud
Bestrewed the mountain way.

Ah, thus, on train or engine,
To die where duties call,
(Unheralded in battle
Or legislative hall,)
Should weave for them
A diadem
Of poets' richest lore,
Till Gabriel's blast
Proclaims the last
Of wreck and ruin o'er.

We trust they were promoted
To more exalted lines,
From tenements so humble
To homes where splendor shines.
This word of cheer
To kindred dear,
"They died at Duty's Post,"
And may we meet
The crew complete,
In yon celestial host.

SAN FRANCISCO

O H! San Francisco, regal,
Where gleams The Golden Gate,
Though stricken by affliction,
And well nigh crushed by fate;
The thought of thy misfortune
Hath touched the human heart,
We mourn thy desolation,
And beg to bear a part.

Thy sons—our kith and kindred—
Have made a desert bright,
And built a spot like Eden
'Mid Barbarism's blight,
And though earth still is quaking
And embers yet are hot,
We see thy homes rebuilding—
The mansion and the cot.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

We breathe an inspiration
From such unbounded pluck,
Which says that true endeavor
Is all there is of luck,
And though the wheels of commerce
Are still, in mill and shop,
'Tis but, in plucky 'Frisco,
A momentary stop.

For there's no paltry effort
In fear that you may fail,
But strokes, both strong and sturdy,
From those who will prevail,
It sounds the Latin proverb,
"Ad astra" to the stars
"Per aspera" through thousands
Of Difficulty's bars.

And, stewards of The Giver
Of every earthly good,
We now unlock His treasure
Of gold, of clothes and food.
We'd help re-light thy fires;
We'd help re-build thy walls;
We'd help erect thy spires
And fill thy new-built halls.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And when the wrecks are mended
And Fortune's on our side,
And others, just as worthy,
Have wants to be supplied;
On opportune occasions
To help our fellow man,
We'll say "Get up an' hustle;
We'll beat you if we can."

KNOWLEDGE VS. WISDOM OR THE POWER OF THOUGHT

NOTES — Knowledge is power, and many a man a power-ful fool, but Wisdom is the right use of Knowledge. Your education is valuable, not in proportion to what you know, but in proportion to your ability to find out what you may need to know, as the needs arise.

The ancient philosopher, Archimedes, seeing the great power of a lever, exclaimed, "If I had a lever long enough, and some place for a fulcrum, I could move the world."

“YOU can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;”
You can send a dunce to college,
But you cannot make him think;
And the best of things are worthless
Till we use them as we ought,
So our knowledge turns to wisdom
Only by the hardest thought.

He who hopes to be a figure
Of commanding magnitude,
Seeks the great supply of wisdom,
Earnest thought in solitude.
And, hilarity despising,
All but gay and festive times,
Is but mental paregoric
Such as Mother Goose's Rhymes.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Do not think your native talent
Bids your energies recede,
'Tis its USE, and not possession,
That can make a man succeed;
Better chances in the struggle,
With endowments, multiply,
But your talent is not given
Laziness to gratify.

'Twill not keep for state occasions,
In a band-box laid away;
Worse than useless for exhibit,
In a show-case for display;
'Tis an implement for service
That, IN USE, can help you rise,
But without your own exertion,
You can win no worthy prize,

E'en a wing that is not mated,
Isn't worth a broken crutch,
But the pair called Toil and Talent,
They can help, and help you much.
And the youth who thinks diplomas
Can support a man and wife;
That abundant education
Does away with toil and strife;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Or the dude who hails from college—
An aristocratic snob—
Who is seeking a position,
But who doesn't want a job;
Who can see no degradation
Being rated as a shirk,
Who imparts the information
He's too dignified to work;

Though his head be stuffed with Latin,
Figures, facts and etiquette,
Still, without their application,
He's an ignoramus yet.
And to gormandize the classics
Or the theorems of school,
Just to boast their acquisition,
Makes the educated fool.

Education *is not learning*,
It's ability to THINK,
And your undigested knowledge
Is a mess of printers' ink.
For the need is application,
Calculation, day and night;
Study, thought and meditation,
Till your problems blaze with light.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Thought is potent; Thought has power;
Thought doth move the world with
ease;

Thought is that great, mighty lever,
Dreamed of by Archimedes.

From the power-house of learning,
Not the slightest force is brought,
But on lines of meditation,
From the dynamos of THOUGHT.

THE GUN AND THE GAME

I'D never disperse the mosquitoes
Bombarding with monstrous gun,
And hurl from the mouth of a cannon
A shot that weighs over a ton;
And wordy and insolent battles
With breeds from the bogs of ill-fame,
Will never defray the expenses,
The gun is too big for the game.

When any one tries to annoy you
With manners more rude than polite;
When enemies try to attack you
With pop-guns of malice or spite;
Revenge simply shows you are wounded,
And tattles of how you're undone;
Just show by an even demeanor,
You're game that's too big for the gun.

THE HEAVY END

AH! lad, you want to be successful,
And draw good pay in cash, of
course;

You want to hold some post of honor,
And grow to be a man of force;

Now listen to this bit of wisdom

To help you gain what you intend,
“When you and others bear a burden,
Be sure to choose the heavy end.”

For men abhor a lazy laggard,

They all abominate a shirk,

Who wants the light end, soft and snappy,

While others have the heavy work.

The youth who scorns to climb the ladder,

And tries at first the topmost round,

Depends on wings imaginary,

And falls and sprawls upon the ground.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

Of course you want to draw your wages,
But if you would avoid regret,
Be vastly surer you are earning,
A great deal more than what you get;
For you are headed up and onward
When those about you comprehend
You've made your work exceed your
wages,
And always want the heavy end.

And though you cannot reap the harvest,
Upon the very day you sow,
The lacking pay for what you're *doing*,
Will grow and pay for what you *know*;
And in the world's hard heart of granite
You'll find a place to recommend,
You'll find a welcome, warm and cordial,
For those who take the heavy end.

TOMMY'S LITTLE DRUM

TOMMY had a little drum,
Its tone was loud and shrill,
And everywhere that Tommy went
Was music fit to kill.

He told his ma, he couldn't see
What made her headache ache;
She said that she was much afraid,
His Christmas drum would break.

But Pa declared, while Tommy played
His energetic stunt,
"I'm not afraid the thing will bu'st,
But I'm afraid it won't."

O, WHO COULD BE LONESOME
ALONE?

O H! who could be lonesome or lonely?
For Time fairly quakes as he flings
And scatters new proof of the proverb,
"The diligent, stand before kings."
When Truth might be built up and
strengthened,
And Error might be overthrown,
And Mind made a storehouse of wisdom,
O, who could be lonesome alone?

The Amazon gathers its greatness
From hundreds of thousands of veins
And seeps that are hidden forever,
In mountains, and jungles, and plains;
So he, when Emergency summoned,
Who answered in clarion tone,
Had gathered equipment each moment,
And never was lonesome alone.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION



"In mountains and jungles and plains."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

We pine for a friend sympathetic
When Fate has decreed we must part;
Neglect, or a lack of affection
Strikes grief to the core of the heart.
But he who abhors meditation
In dread of a dull monotone,
Is flabby and weak in the struggle,
Like all who are lonesome alone.

The man who succeeds in his business,
Must make it his daily delight;
Must make it his chief recreation,
And pleasure by day and by night.
The Giants, the Kings of our commerce,
And all who for wisdom are known,
Had valued as priceless each moment,
And never were lonesome alone.

The baby that cries for his rattle,
The fop, without purpose or bent,
The idle who loaf in the shadow
About Mediocrity's tent,
The pleasure-bound leeches of fashion
Whose coveted bread is a stone,
And all who are aiming at nothing,
Are some, who are lonesome alone.

A CHARACTER FACTORY

(NOTE—A bulletin board in Los Angeles states: The Young Men's Christian Association will build a \$200,000.00 Character Factory on these lots soon.)

WE'RE needing a Character Factory
started,
To work up material Satan would
choose,
The brightest of youth and the brainiest
manhood
Are such as his mills would be ruined
to lose.

Materials priceless—of worth beyond
measure—
Are there manufactured a menace and
curse,
And turned out as burdens to self and
to others—
The product, when finished, could
hardly be worse.

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

With character ruined—with faculties
blighted—

No market is left where their talents
will sell,

They drift to some dump of Society's
garbage—

A jail, an asylum—the gallows as well.

They're needed to edify places of honor,
Adorn every post they are chosen to
hold,

Explore every region of science and
knowledge,

And bring forth their treasures, more
precious than gold.

They're needed to shine in Society's
circles,

Dispensing the light of true wisdom
and mirth;

They're needed to battle with Truth
against Error,

And prove what is truly "the salt of
the earth."

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

They're needed to strengthen the weak
who are striving
With many temptations that lead them
astray;
So welcome the Factory—welcome the
product—
And all with the trade-mark of
Y. M. C. A.

BIDDY O'FLAHERTY'S RECOMMENDATION

A MISS O'FLA'RTY came from Cork,
A winsome lass of beauty,
To act as waitress in New York,
Or do domestic duty;
Among her treasures and effects,
A written commendation
Showed character, in all respects
Quite worthy estimation.

This document was shown one day
To Michael McCurdy,
Who let the wind tear much away
While telling Patrick Murphy;
And what to do was hard to tell,
'Twas badly mutilated,
Perhaps Pat Murphy, just as well,
Might certify as stated;

POEMS OF INSPIRATION

And so he wrote as best he could,
"I know Miss Biddy's nature,
Her athrrributes are jist ez good
Ez anny livin' crr'acher,
Her character was what ye'd like;
But on that trip romantic,
'Twas ruined by that measley Mike,
A crossing the Atlantic."

And so Miss Biddy came from Cork,
A winsome lass of beauty,
To act as waitress in New York,
Or do domestic duty;
With other ills, she soon forgot
Those days so dark and murky,
When living in a cosy cot,
As Mrs. Patrick Murphy.

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